

Dear Luke,

Enjoy, Best wishes

Julian Gibbs



# TOMB RAIDER III

DRAFT 3. VERSION 4.  
<18/06/98>

## **BRITISH ACCENTS:**

### **WILLARD**

Scottish accent. 30's.

Head molecular biologist for big science corporation.

Opportunist – employs Lara impulsively. Not much regard for anyone else.

Reckons he's the man in the right place at the right time re. his find on genetics and isn't gonna let any rationale prevent him from starting up his living laboratory of rapid evolution...

### **BOB**

Geordie accent.

Bob came to work in London for what seemed like a bargain job in a cosmetics company but found himself the subject of horrible experiments there instead. Has no face and a lot of rotting flesh as a result. But is also cursed (as he sees it) with near immortality. Lives down in the sewers with the rest of the failed experiments as their leader.

Afraid of the cosmetics queen who experimented on him, he sees Lara's own antagonism toward her as a handy thing.

### **STEPHEN AND OTHER SAILOR PARTS (5 in all)**

Cockney, Victorian times

Sailors on Darwin's voyage around the world which resulted in his theories of evolution.

They're fed up by all this though as they spend most of their time collecting flowers and other specimens for him. Also getting hungry for some good meat – so they decide to go off in search for some...doh.

### **MERCENARY**

London accent

Works for the cosmetics queen, killing off anyone who is of threat to her. Handy with a gun but that's about it. Bit unimaginative in that he's never wondered how he, his father and his father before that both managed to work for the same woman who's only 30 yrs old.

### **RACHEL ULA**

30. Head of the Cosmetics Company. Well spoken. Looking for everlasting beauty through the powers from her artefact.

## **AMERICAN ACCENTS:**

### **TONY**

20's. Researcher for big scientific corporation.

Has been sent into the field to find an artefact - and has developed a fondness for its telekinetic powers - subsequently murdering his two colleagues. Is about to make his getaway when he meets Lara...

Cool not geeky but intense and whacked up on his acquired powers – suffering hallucinations

Bit like Lightning Boy from X-files episode.

**INCIDENTAL YANKS:**

SCAN-MAN + BUGGY DRIVER + WORKER + WILLARD'S BOSS

GUARD #1 + #2

CHOPPER PILOT + CO-PILOT

**OTHERS :**

**AUSTRALIAN**

Army Commander 40's.

Has had his leg munched off by what he thinks was a cannibal in the jungle. Is being kept prisoner now in a tree-shack while his men are being sacrificed to the tribe's god. Mostly concerned by the number of flies festering around his wound.

**MAORI**

Maori Warrior. Pidgin English

Big, tattooed. Thinks alot of his food – especially at the moment as he's fasting before a big feast.

## **EXT. SPACE**

The fiery glow of a meteor hurtles through the darkness of space

Then cuts into a fracture of intense light...

White heat flares around it  
Coarsing chunks of rubble off from it  
Burning them up instantly in the air

Undiminished, the meteor thrusts through  
Shock-compressed air igniting in front of it, a stream of molten material licking behind

As it breaks through

Into Earth's atmosphere...

## **EXT. FOREST DAWN**

The forest is lush, dropping down to the edge of the ocean  
A distinctive mountain-chain in the background

The interior of the forest is filled with the commotion of dawn. An animal we don't quite recognise from our age is yacking in the trees

Then, a distant noise cracks from the heavens

The forest goes abruptly silent with frightened anticipation  
Watchful intent

Cataclysmic detonations boom through the air

And the meteor rips blinding white through the sky  
Obliterating the sun with its brilliance  
Its reflection glaring across the ocean surface

The wildlife cranks back at full, terrified volume

The forest interior is suddenly flooded with a great light  
And spontaneous eruptions of fire burst through the trees

Moments later, the very land itself explodes...

Great conical sheets of earth burst up into the sky  
Trees are levelled  
Shock-waves tremor up through the soil, rippling away from the point of impact  
Uprooting more trees, shredding undergrowth

A small rodent making a run for it is thrown tumbling into the air as the earth ruptures beneath him  
Landing back down, he keeps on fleeing from the destruction...



A choking cloud of dust fills the landscape  
Thickly consuming our vision...

#### TIME LAPSE

To the same place with its distinctive mountain-chain in the background  
Only now, it's not just the peaks that are snow-covered – the whole landscape is a  
bleak, iced country...

An industrial drill is gouging through permafrost  
Splinters of ice spitting into the air

Bundled in Arctic gear, two WORKERS are overseeing the operation

The drill is supported in a metal framework to the rear-end of a snow-dozer – a belt  
running fluidly over two cogs between it and the dozer's engine  
The driver operates it from the machine's steamed up cabin

On the dozer is printed "RX TECH. ANTARCTICA"

The drilling is happening on the edge of an exposed glacier  
Wind lifts the snow cover off the plateau  
Sun glaring off it too  
All about is the sound and bustle of a busy excavation site

A Scottish accent can be heard struggling against the noise;

#### VOICE

I've been yellin myself hoarse into this radio everyday  
– it's jus the weather dumps on us frequently here...

We find the voice in the foreground – DR WILLARD; a scruffy scientist, his face covered  
up beneath his scarf and hood. He is talking into a radio in a makeshift shelter - it's  
tarpaulin edge rapping fiercely in the wind

Finger plugged in his ear, Willard tries to block the din surrounding him

#### WILLARD

...an' maybe my transmission doesn't get through – i  
don't know...

An American accent thunders impatiently through the thick radio fuzz;

#### BOSS

(VO)

I can't understand one word of what you say, Willard...

Suddenly, there's a horrible mangling of metal meeting rock

Willard swings round  
To see the dozer behind juddering on the ice

Engine stressing, belt taught as the drill struggles to rotate  
Then a violent groan as it snags inside a clench of rock - the back of the dozer jerked  
downward, plough-end lifting behind

WILLARD  
*(punctuating his words carefully)*  
It's all going *swell*, sir

The engine strains  
The belt jamming

One of the workers is shouting and waving at the driver

WORKER  
Get the bit up – get it out!

In the cabin, the driver yanks frantically at a stubborn lever  
Willard yells at them, crossing his hands in a cut-off sign

WILLARD  
Turn it off...OFF!!...

But noone sees/hears him. He drops the radio, hurries to go over

WILLARD  
*(muttering)*  
...ye runtbrains

The driver fights the lever in  
The engine pitches, belt heating into a steam

Willard is running, yelling in disgust now;

WILLARD  
Heh!

The belt straining and rasping incessantly just behind one of the workers  
Steam sloughing off it

WILLARD  
*SWITCH IT OFF!!*

The man near the belt hears, turning to him...as...  
*PHTZOOOO* – the belt snaps in a break of steam and whips out through the air  
Shaving just past the side of the worker's turned head

The dozer promptly dropping back onto the ice with a death-whine from its engine

Willard groans in despair

## TIME CUT

The two workers are pulling the knackered drill bit up now  
One of them drops into the excavation hole with a shovel and a small scan/counter  
Willard and the other worker watch anxiously from above

A jut of chewed up rock layers the bottom of the hole  
The man inside runs the counter over it for a reading. It fuzzes and crackles but that's all  
He shakes his head up to Willard

Willard frowns disheartened  
When suddenly, a snow-buggy speeds round an ice-track at the edge of the glacier  
Pulling a slippery 180 handbrake turn up to Willard  
The driver excited;

DIRECTOR

Think you'd better come and check out site 2

Willard jumps in before the buggy's even stopped its slide  
The scan-man shouts at him, indicating down to the rock blocking their excavations

SCAN-MAN

What about this?

As the buggy speeds off, Willard throws his arms out in gesture;

WILLARD

Blow through it!

The buggy hurtles along on a track that's walled by the ice-shelf on the left  
And exposed perilously to a sheer drop to the ice-floes and deep blue ocean on the right

WILLARD

Found more meteorite?

DIRECTOR

Hah – nah – something a little younger than that...

As they sweep round the cliff's lip, a shadow reaches across the plateau toward them  
Through the veil of wind-blown snow whipping across from the cliffs, Willard can see a  
hub of attention ahead

And there, blocking the glare of the low sun, is what appears to be a giant hew of ice

As the buggy curves out from the shadow and the sun angles onto the shape, we see  
that protruding from the ice is the dramatic profile of a head carved from rock  
Its size and stature rivalling those of Easter Island  
Staring formidably out to sea

Willard stands in the buggy, disbelieving  
As they draw toward it, he surveys the lie of the plateau with a new knowledge...  
Taking note of the long ridge shaping round its edge

Staring at the dozer squatting by the rock-head  
An awful realisation dawning;

WILLARD

Och naw

Urgently he rips a walkie talkie from the driver's jacket  
As they pull to a stop beneath the head

WILLARD

(into walkie)

Billy – i don't want you to set that explosive..d'ye...

On the otherside of the plateau, an unattended walkie talkie lies on the ground  
Willard's voice muffling into the snow

Nearby, a hand is slowly depressing the plunger on a detonator

***BDANG !***

A blow of rock and ice explodes out from the glacier

Willard and the men at site 2 drop as debris hurtles across toward them

As they hit the ground, a second, smaller detonation shudders through the ice-shelf  
beneath - a pile of ice cracking from the rock head above them  
Willard cursing into the snow;

WILLARD

Wretched pyros...

TIME CUT

The wind whips across the glacier. It is otherwise silent now

Staring down over the cliffs toward the sea is a semi-henge of the sculpted heads dotted  
widely at the far rim of the plateau  
Ice piles broken all around them from the excavations  
Dozers at a standstill

On the far side, a lonely broken up head of rock. Blasted apart by explosives  
It faces across the glacier to the back of the henge

In the plateau centre, Willard and the buggy-driver are sweeping snow from a small slab  
of rock laid in the ground  
It is a tombstone - scratched onto it;

PAUL CAULFIELD

1812 – 1834

R. I. P

HMS BEAGLE

As Willard looks up, frowning, we see his face for the first time;

WILLARD

This place has a busy history...

# **TITLE SCREEN**



**EXT. JUNGLE / GORGE - INDIA DAY**

Lara is tearing all out in a committed plunge down the gorge incline toward the basin below

Barely in control, her vast momentum is pitching her constantly downward ...

Face intense as she cuts in and out through the sunlight

Grappling at vegetation for balance

Ripping through undergrowth

Zig-zagging down the slope - outside foot driving into the soil...pivoting round and then on down...

Hanging round a tree trunk into a steep section

Skerfing on scree – sending stones hurtling down the slope

Spilling in long grass and tumbling back upright again

Before sliding a skilful last brake down a muddy bank to the bottom...

## **LEVEL 1 - INDIA**

### **JUNGLE**

Lara has her own agenda here; to search for an ancient artefact of reputed powers - much revered by tribes in this area throughout the years...

She starts the level from the basin

While exploring the jungle, a group of makack monkeys will attack Lara and steal her guns...

She heads after them - eventually reaching a small camp within a clearing...

**EXT. JUNGLE CAMP - INDIA DAY**

The camp is flooded; a swamp of muddy water puddling outside the tents and shelter rigs...surveying equipment lying sunk and discarded within it...  
Stamped boldly on the canopies is **RX TECH**

A radio-satellite link remains standing and we can hear an incoming call breaking through from Willard. He sounds bored with futile attempts of communication...

WILLARD  
(VO)

Tech4 to 5 – do you read me Tech5?. Tech...  
(suddenly snapping)  
...Tony ye loon – i know you're th...

Just as Lara reaches it, the radio short-circuits and erupts in a mini-explosion of sparks which fly up the satellite receiver and explode the dish...

A triumphant 'woohoo' comes from one of the tents  
Lara moves toward it;

LARA

Helloooo?

The tent rips angrily open  
And a young dishevelled, American surveyor - Tony, emerges  
Whining violently at her;

TONY

WHAAAAT?...Whaddya want from me NOOOOW?...

He suddenly clasps his head as if in agony

LARA

(Don't worry) = Nothing *that* taxing... Are you alright?

TONY

If you'd all stop, i might be just fine...just 100%...just...  
Nnnng!

The pain seems too much for him

LARA  
(puzzled)

'You all' who?  
*IF YOU'D ALL STOP! WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?*

Tony swings at her accusingly;

TONY

All you – hundreds of you – talking and chattering and  
breaking my brain up...

Lara realises she's obviously talking to a nut

LARA

Mmhmm...well, i'm not quite sure where you're coming from - but i just want to know about the Infada artefact.. In the temple up there...?

She points across the camp toward it

Tony seems to snap out of it, grinning as he stands unsteadily

TONY

Voodoo magic an' all huh? – don't touch the stuff myself...

He starts kicking the tent pegs out from the ground – dropping the tent down  
Lara realises she's gonna get nowhere like this;

(AS AN IDIOT)

It's not voodoo. <sup>LOOK</sup> Is there anyone else here with you?

LARA

(PISSED OFF)

Tony snorts as if at some private ridicule as he folds the tent;

TONY

Yeah – Randy and Rory...peeesh

Lara's looking about the site...disbelieving;

LARA

*Randy and Rory ?...Where?*

Tony ignores her, bagging the tent;

LARA

What are you all doing here?

Tony stands abruptly to face her  
Spookily;

TONY

Well they're stayin put – in that temple...

He suddenly pleads a kind of innocence;

TONY

I told em not to, warned em first...

Then seems to have immediately purged himself;

TONY

...not doing much now i doubt, under half a ton of  
mudslide...me – i'm leavin...next bus out...this jungle  
has rooted enough rot into me... I'd offer the same  
advice to you...

He looks her up and down;

TONY

...but you don't seem the type to take it...

Then starts to wander away;

TONY

...to care if i said you're gonna die in there...

He disappears into the jungle, muttering, amused at himself;

TONY

Hahaha – yeah .... D-d-d-diiiiie

Leaving Lara alone...

## **LEVEL 2 - INDIA**

### **TEMPLE**

Lara will have to make her way into and through this ruined temple, negotiating its puzzles, passing the baddies laid in there and finding her weapons in a monkey labyrinth.

The chamber where the tribe's artefact should be is ominously empty... except for the bodies of the two researchers; not caught in a mudslide as Tony had so graphically described - but pinned to the walls in a violent, voodoo sort of way...

Lara finds an exit from the temple



**EXT. TEMPLE EXIT THRESHOLD - INDIA DAY**

Lara exits the temple in time to see Tony slipping down river on a raft loaded up with his stores. The artefact is resting in a groove in its bow

Lara discharges a clip at him – but she is out of range

Tony just stands calmly, staring her back intensely  
As he does, the artefact glows up strangely...

Then the ground starts to tremor from the riverbank toward the temple

Striking into the base of its walls  
Breaking open the foundations of the threshold

Lara dives out of the way

As the walls of the exit collapse around her

Downstream, Tony lets out the same delighted whoop as he had done earlier...and continues his getaway...

### **LEVEL 3 - INDIA**

#### **RIVER CHASE**

Lara cannot swim in the river here because of piranhas  
Instead, she must find a jeep that is hidden in the undergrowth and then make her chase along the river's edge...

The river eventually breaks into a waterfall and Lara has to drop the jeep down a steep ravine toward the lagoon at the bottom...

Downstream from the raging torrent of falling water, the raft spins in broken bits in the lagoon. There is no sign of Tony

Lara swims to the raft but finds nothing in the wreckage - only weapons and ammo on the riverbed.

She does discover however, that she can dive behind the waterfall - where an intricate cave-system leads her to the hiding researcher...and the artefact...

Lara and he fight - he using the telekinetic abilities that the artefact obviously transmits to its holder. Naturally though, a couple of Uzis can win Lara through anything...

And she leaves the caves down a water-chute with the artefact...

EXT. LAGOON - INDIA DAY

Lara exits the caves from a water-chute and is jettisoned into the lagoon with the artefact  
As she swims toward the surface, the sound of a motor-engine reverberates through the water...

A boat emerges from the dense overhangs of foliage at the far bank  
As Lara surfaces, the engine cuts and the boat drifts up close to her  
A figure is on the bow, looking down at her – shadowed from the sun glare around him

Lara makes for her guns  
But the figure is keen to put her at ease – leaning calmly forward to drop a metal ladder down to her  
We catch his familiar face in the sunlight;

WILLARD

(amiably)

I don't want to be misrepresented by that retarded researcher you just been with... er...?

He questions for a name...  
Lara pulls herself out of the water and on deck

LARA

Lara...

Willard doesn't bother with formalities like shaking hands – just nods his head and walks across deck to the small cabin at the stern

WILLARD

I'm Doctor Willard...i'd come to converse with Tony myself ... but i saw you doing a rather more creditable job i think...Indeed i'm inspired. I'd like to offer ye other work...

LARA

(laughing)

What – shoot the breeze with ~~other cowboy employees of yours?~~...

SOME OF YOUR OTHER BOYS

She shakes her head politely;

LARA

...No thanks...

Willard is switching on a small monitor in the cabin

WILLARD

Fortunately they were the only lab-rats we let loose into the field...naw – my request is for three other artefacts like this...

He motions to the one in Lara's hand  
Lara is puzzled;

LARA

The Infada tribe only had the one artefact of this type...it's  
unique...

(suspicious)

...anyway what would your interests in it be?

Willard holds his hand out for the artefact;

WILLARD

I'll show ye ...

Lara warily gives it to him

Willard runs a small scanner over the artefact...it blips and crackles noisily

On the monitor, a thermo-read of the rock's make-up is displayed - different areas of  
colour indicating the different minerals within it

WILLARD

It's not from India...rather an island near Antarctica...it is  
infact meteorite rock that has been fashioned and used  
by Polynesians who were once settled there many many  
years ago...

Willard points to the large traces of green

WILLARD

See that? That's unique ... an unknown material...

LARA

So how did it end up here?

Willard grins;

WILLARD

Formed from the planets...sculpted by Polynesians...

He pulls a small journal from his pocket;

WILLARD

...distributed by goons... Our excavations and  
investigations have led us to this...

He hands it to Lara – the cover inscribed; *S.BARR HMS BEAGLE JOURNAL*

WILLARD

...a sailor's diary from his voyage on Charles Darwin's  
expedition on the HMS Beagle...

Lara opens it, starts to read...

LARA  
August 14<sup>th</sup> 1834...~~No more entries...~~

THIS VOYAGE HAS BECOME TOO BORING  
FOR ME TO CONTINUE WITH THIS  
JOURNAL.

And we dissolve into flashback...

## EXT. ANTARCTIC ISLAND DAY (1834)

Morning fog is lifting off the water  
Five sailors are slumped unenthusiastically into a rowing boat, heading for shore of the island – navigating their way through ice-floes  
The murky outline of The Beagle behind them

Stephen is sat at the bow, scrawling into his journal - his gruff cockney accent picking up from Lara...

STEPHEN BARR  
(VO)

~~...this 'as gotta be it...~~me adventures at sea are an  
embarrassment...the only tales i'll 'ave to tell are hours  
of bird-watchin, pickin and pressin flowers...followin them  
blasphemous ideas of the guv'ner, Darwin...

On the shore;  
One of the men – Henderson, rifle in hand, rounds an icy gully and comes across the large tracks of an animal in the snow – leading into a small passageway underground

He puts his foot into the track, grins in satisfaction  
Beckons to the others

STEPHEN  
(VO – Cont...)

...but this don't even concern me now. I jus want food...  
somethin more than vegetable broth in me...

Lanterns in hand now, 4 of the sailors are entering into the passageway  
One man, Jonson, stays behind at the entrance

## INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAYS

The beams of sunlight from the entrance behind are weakening... becoming engulfed by the gloom  
The four sailors are moving cautiously down the ice-walled tunnel  
Crowding together, lanterns in hand

STEPHEN  
(VO – Cont...)

Today, we five 'ave made a pact – the only sampling  
we're gonna be doing is for meat...pure, solid, blood-rich  
meat...

All anxious and uneasy as they try and make out the darkness around them

FADE OUT

And up into another dark, narrow passageway  
The wind thrumming eerily down it

The men brushing their way through cobwebs  
At the front, Smythe stops;

SMYTHE

The snow's run out...the tracks 'ave gone...

Henderson cocks and checks his loaded rifle;

HENDERSON

Jus keep goin' – we're on its trail...

Stephen lagging at the back, is warily eyeing crude sculpting on the rock-walls

Later;

A gleam of natural light emerges from a tunnel ahead  
The men are making their way toward it across an ice-bridge – crossing carefully one at a time...

As Stephen crosses, he peers into the torrent of water below  
The ice creaking beneath him – he quickly hurries to the otherside

## INT. METEORITE CAVERN

A high, expansive cavern, ceilinged with ice  
A rocky incline slopes toward its centre where a shaft of pale light breaks through from an area of thinned ice in the roof

The sailors are cresting this slope  
Staring in awe from its lip into a large crater that's covered by a sheet of glassy ice  
Around the rocky rim, platform structures rise into the shadows

Henderson drops down onto the crater  
He treads gingerly at first but the ice is thick  
Caught in a shard of light, something glints just under the surface of the ice ahead of him

HENDERSON

(excitedly)

There's something here

Stephen, curious of the platforms edging the crater, is heading toward them...away from the others

Chipping through the ice with his rifle-butt, Henderson uncovers one of the artefacts  
It glows strangely in his hand  
He whistles in appreciation at it



We're roaming along a gloomy ledge rimming above the crater - watching Stephen moving toward us. Alone in just the light of his lantern

The voices of his friends fading behind;

PAUL

(VO)

Look - another one...whaddya reckon they're worth then?

Stephen's lantern illuminates a vibrant splash of dark red on the back wall  
Taken aback at first, he then starts to move the lantern along it – revealing brightly coloured Polynesian paintings adorning the stone...

Then there's a brush of air past him, a crunching of ice underfoot in the dark

Stephen swings sharply round - lantern outstretched

*SMASH!* – the lantern cracks into rock  
Flashing up momentarily onto the hideous face of a statue making Stephen gasp in fear  
Before falling to the ground

He reaches to pick up the lantern...when he sees the scuff of large, fresh tracks in the snow next to it. Just like those they had followed into the caves...

He stares in horror, starting to back away – lifting the lantern up toward the ledge in apprehension

*Then he runs...*

The others are comparing their artefacts – the surface of the ice now picked at and disrupted from their looting  
Paul happily holds an artefact out at Stephen as he comes running and slipping frantically across the ice toward them, calling cheekily at him;

PAUL

Too late – there's only four...

Suddenly the head of a large, bristly wolf-like creature pops up on a rock above Paul

Seeing it, Stephen slides to a halt, face dropping in fear

PAUL

(Cont...)

...none for y...

Stephen is urgently pulling for his gun  
Voice cracking as he tries to get his friend's attention;

STEPHEN

Paul !

Paul sees Stephen's gun, picks up on a bad feeling; turns behind...

PAUL

Wha...?

As...

The huge wolf-like form lunges down on him...

A gleam of teeth shredding clothing as it ravages a screaming Paul  
Shaking him like a rag-doll

The others already yelling and fleeing out of the crater

Stephen is fearfully pointing his pistol at the flurry of attack  
The gun shaking in his hand as he's unsure where and how to shoot  
He closes his eyes and fires...

*BLAM! BLAM!*

The bullets scathe through the creature's shoulder

It yelps – dropping Paul in heap  
And turns tail out of there

Stephen drops the gun, runs to the groaning Paul...

Stephen is bent over now, draping Paul across his shoulders in a fireman lift  
Balancing awkwardly under this weight, he then fumbles to pick up his lantern from the floor. But as he does, a growl sounds from the darkness behind him...  
A defensive, hackles-up, stand-off growl...

Stephen freezes - he tries to look over his shoulder but Paul's body obstructs his view  
Tentatively he starts to move away toward the crater exit

A pair of eyes gleam in the darkness behind him – another creature sniffing up to the carcass on the ice. It cocks its head to one side, trying to assess the threat of this enemy heading away from it...

Stephen is hurrying up the slope of the crater when a hungry growl grunts from behind him...

Stephen claws urgently for the lip of the crater  
His feet slipping on the loose rubble as he hauls himself over

Smythe's voice calling to him from ahead;

SMYTHE  
(VO)

C'mon Stephen...

The creature's POV as it bounds easily to the slope and launches itself into the air...sailing high out of the crater...

Stephen is sprinting all out toward the ice-bridge  
Face intense with the strain  
Clutching tight at Paul's limp body

As the creature's flight effortlessly swallows up the ground between them – landing down close on Stephen...

The others, waiting beyond the ice-bridge can see it – screaming to Stephen in overlap as they start to flee into the passageways;

HENDERSON

Stephen – leg it – QUICK!!

SMYTHE

Faster – c'mooooon

Stephen hurls himself across the bridge after them  
Paul's limp body smacking into the bridge's side rail

The creature launches its attack  
As Paul's body tumbles from Stephen's shoulders

Stephen spins in terror to gleaming eyes and snarling teeth rushing toward him

But as Paul crashes down onto the bridge, his deadweight cracks the ice beneath him...  
Shearing the bridge in half  
And collapsing the two men into the torrent of dark water beneath

The current takes hold, immediately dragging them downriver  
Banging them into the walls and low roof of an ice-carved tunnel  
Sucking them underwater. Churning them inside it

Then a surge lifts Stephen up to the surface as the river shallows

Daylight suddenly blinds him

And he's spat out through a cave-opening in a rush of water  
Onto the mountainside  
Spilling onto a bank of deep powder snow

The still, bloody body of Paul next to him

## **EXT. BEACH - ANTARCTICA                      LATER**

The 4 surviving sailors are digging a shallow grave into the snow with their hands and rifle butts

HENDERSON

Nobody better say nothing about this to the guv'ner - else  
we'll be back having to hunt down that creature for his samples  
... Paul fell down a crevasse OK?

Mutters of agreement  
Except Stephen who is silent

Hal prises the artefact from the dead man's hand and thrusts it into Steve's

SMYTHE

OK Stephen?

Stephen nods resignedly

JONSON

Amen

They roll the body into the shallow grave, kick snow over

Drop a slab of rock over with the inscription...PAUL CAULFIELD 1812-1834 etc which we saw in the intro...

WILLARD

(VO)

Stephen was to be the only survivor of the 4... When he arrived back in London, he superstitiously sold off his artefact...

The sailors trudge in silent line back toward the beach, clutching their artefacts

WILLARD

(VO)

...havin seen his pals murdered or killed with theirs...

## **EXT. RIVERBOAT - LAGOON INDIA**

Lara is listening with keen interest to Willard's tale as she closes the journal  
They are drifting downstream

WILLARD

...one here in India...one in the South Pacific an' one in Nevada ...the places where i'd like ye to go...to find the artefacts and return them to me in Antarctica...

Lara smiles;

LARA

Sounds good to me

Willard starts the boat up and they motor off downriver...

**FURTHER LEVELS** to be played in any order...

The areas are;

London  
South Pacific Island  
Australian desert

**south  
pacific  
island...**



## **LEVEL 1 - SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND**

### **COASTAL AREA – TRIBAL VILLAGE – SWAMP**

Lara has arrived to the island by boat. Anchoring offshore, she swims through a gap in the rugged cliffs, surfacing inside a large cove littered with the wrecks of old vessels. Following a deep ravine, edged by palm-trees, Lara arrives in a clearing. Here, she can hear the faint sounds of drums echoing in the distance and see columns of smoke rising above the trees.

Soon, she reaches a deserted village – a huge wall and reinforced gates encircling it. On the otherside, a ceremony seems to be in progress. Lara cannot get through and the only access out of the village is across the stepping stones of a swamp. But the stones at the edge of the swamp only sink under her weight.

While fighting some enemies in this area, she will hear the voice of an Australian calling to her from the treetops. When Lara explores them, she finds an Australian army commander imprisoned within a tree-shack...

### **IN-GAME SPEECH:**

COMMANDER

Hey you – Sheila. Up here...

INT. TREE SHACK - SOUTH PACIFIC DAY

As Lara reaches the end room of the tree-shack, she sees a man in his 40's dressed in army fatigues, laid out on a wood-rack bed in the far corner  
The man, an Australian army commander, is armed with a rolled up magazine; thwacking it against the walls, bed and floor in a flurry of fly-swatting

As Lara enters, he glares up – magazine-roll poised threateningly at her  
There's a faint whine and drone of flies in the room

LARA

Not interrupting am i?

(ANXIOUS ON THE RADIO) URGENCY!

(WHAT THE F\*CK ARE YOU DOING HERE)

The Commander is eyeing her up and down suspiciously

COMMANDER

Not bleedin are yer? Not about to use this place as a dunny...?

Lara reassures him;

LARA

No...and NO... (laugh)

The Commander relaxes his threatening pose and beckons her in

COMMANDER

Good, good. Just don't want any fly-carrying visitors in here...

He motions to his left leg which is missing below the knee - the stump wrapped up in a bloody bandage

Lara nods sympathetically;

LARA

Right I understand. What happened?

COMMANDER

Woke up in the jungle with one of those little blokes snacking on my leg didn't i...

Lara is surprised, doubtful;

LARA (FACT)

A tribesman? It isn't usual for them to eat right off the bone like that... →

COMMANDER

Well it was dark an' i never got the bugger so i can't be sure...

<he lowers his voice>

...Something spooky is in that jungle...

The drone of a fly circles the bed – the Commander's head following its route, magazine at the ready as he explains to Lara;

COMMANDER

(Cont...)

Our air-carrier crashed up in the mountains...every night some of my men would vanish without trace - others fled in fear.....then this happened...

<he motions to his leg>

So i brought the men down to shore for safety...only for us all to be captured by *this* greedy mob – some sort of sacrifice to their god who lives up in the hills...

The fly's drone stops as it settles on the bed  
The Commander makes to go for his kill

COMMANDER

...Though it seems *i've* not been invited to the barbie...

*SPLAT!*

He smacks down the magazine-roll with deadly aim  
Annihilating the fly

Lara though is concerned for his welfare;

*(SHIT!)*

LARA

Maybe you're the dessert – ripe flesh can be a bit of a delicacy around here...

*(CONCERNED)*

COMMANDER

For real?!

Lara goes to the bamboo-barred window at the end of the shack, which looks out over the swamp

LARA

*LISTEN...*

We'd better get you out of here. Do you know how the tribe cross the swamp down there – which stones they tread on?

COMMANDER

Blindfolded

Lara has opened her pack and hands him a pen and paper...

LARA

Could you draw it ?

The Commander starts to do so  
Starting to sound weary now;

COMMANDER

Yeah – but i'm staying put – with this wound i'd be  
like a fill-up station to every diseased bug in the bush...

He hands her the map, grinning weakly;

COMMANDER

I'd rather be the main course at the real feast...

He pulls his hat down over his face for some sleep  
Murmuring seriously;

COMMANDER

If y'see any of my men alive in there - direct them to the  
North shore will yer... Away from here...

LARA

Of course... (Don't worry) (urgency) .

## **LEVEL 1 CONT...**

Lara is left with the sleeping Commander.

Dropping from the trees onto the swamp-stones, Lara crosses the thick mire under the attack of some tribesmen and makes it into the jungle...

## **LEVEL 2 - SOUTH PACIFIC**

### **JUNGLE INTERIOR – THE GORGE – RUINED FORTRESS GROUNDS**

The jungle interior is dark with huge trees forming its canopy and strange, almost primeval vegetation covering its floor. Lara is chased through one section by a group of tribesmen but once she passes a threshold of totem-poles, they stop and let her go. Lara soon finds out why; dinosaurs roam the jungle, ferociously preying on any food they can find. Here, Lara will come across some of the army unit as they and she fight the giant reptiles. The men all get mauled and eaten and Lara continues alone.

High in the mountains, she then finds the plane-crash site. The nose is dug through the dirt, its wings snapped on rock - but the fuselage is still intact - its tail facing the outer wall of a ruined fortress. Lara cannot find a way through the wall. She picks up spare ammo scattered from the crash and then finds that she can get inside the plane. At the back, near the cargo doors, she finds a large swivel-mounted machine gun. Opening the doors and running the gun down metal tracks, Lara can use it not only to kill any enemies nearby but also to blast a hole through the wall into the ruined grounds beyond...

Lara makes her way through the ancient grounds, eventually accessing a dark, cavernous-like room...

**INT. WORSHIP ROOM - TEMPLE DAY**

The dark corridor leads Lara into a quiet, stone room - oil-tipped torches burning  
eitherside of its entrance  
Lara picks one up and carries it inside

The room is obviously used as a place of worship  
In the centre of the far wall, in the shadows, two large statues straddle an altar  
Surf-art style Polynesian paintings cover the walls around it

There is a main centre picture with a narrative of smaller pictures circling it - depicting  
the legendary Polynesian settlement of Antarctica  
Lara takes a closer look at them in the flickering light of her torch...

*The tribe sailing in their canoes across rough seas to the island which is roaming with  
animals  
The fruitful hunting of these animals once they'd made their settlement  
The Easter Island style heads on the cliffs*

As Lara moves up to the next section of picture, there's a loud slap of flesh on flabby  
flesh coming from the altar on her right  
Then a guttural;

VOICE

Hoombada Hoombada

Lara swings the torch to it – to see the plump figure of a Maori Warrior in a prayer dance  
Slapping his thighs, beating his chest

WARRIOR

RRrrragh

He swivels his tattooed face into Lara's torchlight  
Smacks his lips hungrily at her, speaking in pidgin English;

WARRIOR

Is well fa you me fasting dis day - you make plenty  
good flesh-pot...

Lara illuminates him fully in her torch as if sizing him up – curving it round his portly  
belly..

LARA

You forget - i might be quite hungry myself... Famished  
actually...

The warrior hadn't considered his own vulnerability  
Grunting crossly;

WARRIOR

Duh

Lara turns back to the pictures...  
*The men running into their canoes from the island - faces full of terror*



LARA

Why did your ancestors flee from Antarctica so suddenly?

The warrior stays staring at the altar, crouched with his hands on his thighs

WARRIOR

Koma-Koma - bad place...plenty flesh - but fa da price  
of evil, mutilation...Da sixth leader, Mauki wa born  
widout face... Terrible storms...men afraid...ran...  
Set curse of Mauki on da land... Noone go there now...

*The central picture of the painting is a large illustration of the meteorite centre - the four artefacts positioned around it - a colourful depiction of power generating from the core*

Lara turns to the Warrior;

LARA

But you still worship it?

Warrior grins smugly;

WARRIOR

White fella later come here wit magic Koma-Koma  
stone...inna day we celebrate da death of heem... da  
feast of Smythe...

Lara figures it to herself;

LARA

One of Darwin's sailors...poor fool...

Looks to the Warrior who seems to have gone into a trance

LARA

Where's the stone now?

The Warrior is going to say no more - eyes closed, humming gutturally, rocking on his feet

Lara makes to leave

The Warrior grumbles after her warningly;

WARRIOR

He lucky fella dat keel you - a plenty Mary like you...

Lara nods;

LARA

I'll be sure to point that out to him...

She leaves down a corridor at the back of the room...

### **LEVEL 3 - SOUTH PACIFIC**

#### **RAPID RIDE – RUINED FORTRESS/TEMPLE**

The room door closes behind Lara – leaving her standing at the gates of the fortress itself. Blocking her way in however is a wide gorge - the drawbridge across it firmly raised on the otherside. A distant rumble leads her to a waterfall. On the far bank is a small fishing hut and a kayak resting in the water outside. Lara has to leap, grab and swing her way across the waterfall to reach it.

She then has to ride the kayak down the rapids, through the gorge and into the caves under the fortress.

Deep within the trap-infested tunnels which are guarded by vicious, lizard-like men, Lara finds the chamber holding the artefact. Large stone steps lead up to a thin platform high above a huge void. Four such platforms meet in the centre at a pedestal where the artefact is placed, revolving quietly in an arc of bones.

But as Lara reaches to retrieve it, the pedestal itself revolves abruptly - revealing a throne on which the tribe's god is sat - the artefact in place on his head-dress.

Lara has to fight the god. He uses the artefact's powers to create reptilian creatures which attack Lara from the ends of the four platforms. Once Lara has killed the god, she will obtain the artefact.

nevada  
desert...

## **LEVEL 1 – NEVADA**

### **DESERT**

Lara finds her way across the rocky, cacti-strewn desert to a civilian research camp which is set-up on the perimeter fence of the science base. These corrugated huts of the civilian camp are filled with observation and communication facilities and are run by a group of fanatics trying to record any unusual sightings from the area compound.

Lara steals a quad-bike from them - and using this, tries to jump the perimeter fence into the compound. She flies over the fence...

Cut to...

**EXT. RAVINE - NEVADA DAY**

Heading down toward a ravine on the otherside...

But the quad-bike's front end is dropping to steeply for a good landing  
And pitches nose-first into the mud and rocks on the sides of the ravine

Catapulting Lara forward over the handlebars – face-planting her heavily in the dirt  
And sending her reeling down the mudbank into the stream at the bottom of the gorge...

As she rolls to a stop on her back, groaning in pain, her blurred sight can just make out  
two men - ankle deep in the water, aiming rifles down on her...

GUARD #1

Ya crazy geek freak. What kinda stunt is that to pull?...  
(to other guard)

Let's take her in...

Lara's vision goes to black  
We can hear them dragging her away through the water

GUARD #2

(VO)

She don't look much like one of em. Maybe she's an  
eco-terrorist or something...

GUARD #1

(VO)

An' they wear hot pants do they?

The voices fade away ...

And we fade up in;

**INT. HIGH SECURITY UNIT NIGHT**

Lara is waking up inside a small prison-like room

## **LEVEL 2 - NEVADA**

### **HIGH SECURITY UNIT**

Lara has been stripped of her guns. By the time she escapes from her cell, it is night and she starts to search the corridors for a way out of the secure unit.

Eventually, she finds her way to a delivery yard. The narrow exit out is blocked by a loaded truck. When Lara gets inside...

Cut to...



**INT / EXT    DELIVERY TRUCK   -   AREA 51                    NIGHT**

The truck is loaded right up with crates and equipment. As Lara tucks in behind some, the backdoor is pulled down and someone bangs on it, signalling it to go;

LOADER  
(VO)

You're ready

The engine kicks up

DRIVER  
(VO)

OK ...see ya...

And the truck starts to leave from the delivery yard

Loaded into the truck by Lara is a soft-drinks dispenser. Lara opens the door up, helps herself to a can. Sits on a crate, pulls the ring and takes a drink...

Later;

The truck is reversing into an unloading bay

VEHICLE VOICE  
This vehicle is reversing...this vehicle is reversing...

Lara stands, ready to make her exit

### **LEVEL 3 - NEVADA**

#### **AREA 51**

The level starts as the door to the delivery truck slides up. The two men the otherside are obviously surprised to see Lara and pull for their guns...

Lara has to shoot them and then make her way out from the unloading area ... and into Area 51...

Within the base, there are areas where some sort of anti-grav force is being exerted.

Not far from here, the artefact Lara is looking for is being held. Housed on a plinth and connected to a satellite, it is being investigated by government scientists for its anti-grav properties. Lara has to realign the satellite in order to steal the artefact from its place...

**london...**

## **LEVEL 1 - LONDON**

### **ROOFTOPS**

Lara starts her search at night on the rooftops of large, old buildings on the banks of the River Thames. Pretty soon though, she is under attack by a group of mercenaries.

Eventually, she makes her way toward St Paul's cathedral.

On a flat section of roof here, is a large bell – underneath of which is a stone shaft leading down into the Cathedral. Unable to access this hole with the bell over it, Lara has to find a lever that starts the bell ringing...

As she heads back toward it, someone starts firing at her from the far side of the bell...

Cut to...

**EXT. ROOFTOPS - LONDON NIGHT**

From the ridge-tiles, Lara fires at the bell – her bullets spanging off it  
Then as the bell swings out to the farthest point of its pendulum, she catches sight of  
her assailant behind - and she fires at him, hitting into his gun arm

The man yells in pain – his gun flying out of his hand, skittering across the flat roof and  
over the side

Lara skerfs down the slope of the roof onto the bell-area  
Seeing her coming, the mercenary tries to make a run for it but Lara lunges at him -  
tackling him to the ground

They scuffle and fight until they're beneath the bell – rolling near the hole that drops  
down into St Paul's below...

With the mercenary above her and about to pin her down, Lara shoves her Uzi up under  
his chin...Exposing his head into the pendulum-arc of the bell's hefty clapper

LARA

Who are you working for?

*CLANG!!* – the clapper smacks against the far-side of the bell  
The sound reverberating painfully loudly around them - drowning Lara's words

MERCENARY

WHAT?!

Lara forces the Uzi harder beneath his chin

LARA

You heard me...

The clapper is rushing fast toward the mercenary's head now  
He's wetting himself as he watches its onslaught – pleading desperately;

MERCENARY

I didn't. Honest ..... Whardidy say?

Just as the clapper's about to decapitate him, Lara yanks him down out of its way

*PSHOOW* – it slices the air just over his head

The mercenary whimpers in relief  
Lara calm and assured now;

LARA

I said...who employs you?

*CLANG!!*

The mercenary claps his hands to his ears, deafened  
Shouting over the din;

MERCENARY  
*ARGHH!! .. MISS RACHEL ULA!!*

LARA  
Who's she? What does she do?

The mercenary is almost scornful;

MERCENARY  
*/ dunno...*

Lara grabs for him. The mercenary is afraid she's gonna repeat her torture;

MERCENARY  
*...really i don't...*

But Lara is dragging him out from under the bell

MERCENARY  
*... i jus' shoot people for her...*

Lara drops him onto the ground at the edge of the flat roof  
Stepping back, she keeps her guns firmly trained on him

LARA  
A commendable work-ethic i guess

As he hits the floor, the mercenary sees his gun in the guttering nearby  
He edges discreetly toward it as he sits up

MERCENARY  
*Yeah – i puts me hours into it...as me father did  
and 'is father did a'fore...*

Lara interrupts; taken aback

LARA  
How old *is* this Miss Ula?

The mercenary shrugs as if he hasn't really thought about it

MERCENARY  
*Late 20s / early 30s...*

Lara nods her head to this mathematical anomaly, folding her arms;

LARA  
*Right...*

And as she does, the mercenary swiftly grabs for his gun out of the gutter - drawing it up at her as fast as Lara can point her own  
Laughing smugly;

MERCENARY

Yeah, for some people - like yerself – we get a special bonus...

He stands up into a full face-off...

LARA

I'm flattered

He's backing away excitedly from her  
Lara doesn't seem the slightest bit perturbed

MERCENARY

I mean, i coulds even be retirin' from you...

Lara gestures casually to his left as she speaks;

LARA

Then you might like to mind...

He follows the direction of her hand...  
To see the bell heading straight at him in full swing...

*SMACK !*

The bell pounds into his body  
Arcing him high into the air. Over the side of the roof  
The bell tolling *CLANG!*

LARA

...the bell...

MERCENARY

WAHHHhhhhhhh!!

Lara peers down the side of the building after him;

LARA

Happy retirement...



## **LEVEL 2 - LONDON**

### **ST PAUL'S - SEWERS**

Lara makes her way through St Paul's and then underground into the city's sewage system. In here, she encounters some men from an underground fraternity. They are all masked, a bit disfigured and hard to kill.

As Lara makes her way down one of the passageways, the floor falls through...dropping her down into...

**INT. CAVERN - SEWERS NIGHT**

Lara lands heavily on the floor of a gloomy cavern, lit by hundreds of candles.  
In front of her, is a throne made out of old junk; car bits, an old washing machine etc  
On this sits the leader of the underground fraternity – his face covered by a mask like all the others  
A guard pushes Lara down into a kneeling position before him

The Leader speaks in a broad geordie accent. We'll call him Bob...

BOB

You must be after Miss Ula then?

LARA

(matter-of-factly)

Business not pleasure...

BOB

Though obviously not for revenge, man – you've hardly got the face for that...

Lara is trying to peer into the gloom for a better look at him;

LARA

And you have?

Bob gurgles on his rage, rocking on his throne;

BOB

Rah grrr sppllrr – How moronic a question is that *ah?*

He thrusts his masked face into the light at Lara;

BOB

I don't even *have* a face, man...

He signals to the guard to leave  
Lara watches him exit out the back

BOB

I came down here looking for work and what do I get ah  
but Miss Ula's cosmetic company and her lab assistant job.  
No experience necessary. Good wage. Accommodation with it...aye locked in a flotation tank for days on end in some fetid syrup and when we come out – cos lots of us applied like - no face or flesh, man. And a boot'n down the waste disposal chute to here. Presumed dead...

LARA

Some kind of failed experiment then...

Bob's deeply offended. Then remembers it's the truth;

BOB

*Well THANKS ah...*

But aye – an' for added insult; when i tried to take  
my own life...

(pauses for dramatic effect)

I found it just didn't work...

LARA

(incredulous)

You mean Ula's testing some sort of immortality power?  
Along with her own brand of face-lift...

Bob gets up from his throne, moving closer to Lara;

BOB

Whyaye man – everlast'n beauty. She's obviously not fully  
worked it out yet...but she takes the best results for herself...  
See I don't care what your business with her is...you can't  
be any more shiftless than she is. So i'm gonna go out of my  
way to help yer. That is - after you've done someth'n for us  
here like...

LARA

Very generous of you. What do you want?

BOB

A bottle of that mummy preservation stuff - from the  
Natural History museum...

LARA

(surprised)

Embalming fluid?

Bob makes to leave the cavern;

BOB

Aye - for rotting flesh you canno whack it man...

The museum's pretty interest'n i'm told. You'll like it...

Calling after him;

LARA

So why don't you go yourself?

Bob turns back to her;

BOB

One of the Egyptian lasses there is a bit pissed off like that she didn't get immortality the way she wanted it. And seeing as we've done better than her in that department, i divn't care to imagine what curse we could get given any worse than we've already got like...

He offers reassurance;

BOB

You'll be fine though, pet. You die easily...

Then exits through the back – leaving Lara on her own..

LARA

Thanks...

### **LEVEL 3 - LONDON**

#### **DESERTED SUBWAYS – NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM – TOWER BLOCK**

Lara finds her way through the sewers and deserted subway stations and breaks into the Natural History Museum. In here, she will collect the embalming fluid from the Egyptian section and come across the vengeful spirit that Bob spoke of.  
In the sewers, mercenaries with sub-aqua gear on try to kill her.  
More of the underground monstrosities are also on the level – if Lara shoots at them, they will become hostile - but otherwise they'll leave her be.

Lara returns back to the leader via another route and when she gives him the embalming fluid, he shows her the way into the basement of the cosmetic company's tower block...

The tower block is under reconstruction and Lara has to negotiate her way through the corridors, lift shafts and stairs - passing security guards as she makes her way toward the penthouse at the top...

Where she meets up with Sophia ...

**INT. PENTHOUSE - LONDON NIGHT**

A richly decorated room. Advertising posters of the cosmetics company framed on the wall. Sophia Leigh is standing behind a mahogany desk  
Looking totally at ease as Lara strides in. Welcoming her;

SOPHIA

Miss Croft. I take it you are ready to sign on?

She holds out a pen to Lara  
Lara is incredulous;

LARA

To what?

SOPHIA

My books. You see, with your lifestyle, you'd be the perfect campaign for my products... Just think, you wouldn't be needing those unsightly weapons anymore...

LARA

No - but i'd probably have an unsightly face judging by your past experiments...

Sophia is caught off guard;

SOPHIA

My what?!

LARA

(cod)

Oh yes - they're all still alive. Very much so infact.  
(pause)

All i want is the artefact...

SOPHIA

~~Not on my life!...~~

RIGHT, IN YOUR NEXT LIFE

She suddenly makes a run for it out through the back of the room...  
Lara chases after her... (COCKS GUNS)

LARA

We'll see...

### **LEVEL 3 CONT...**

Lara chases after her – through a series of traps to the tower block summit and the artefact

Here, Lara and Sophia fight



# Antarctica..

**EXT / INT     HUEY   -   ANTARCTICA                   DAY**

A Huey chopper is rotating low over the Antarctic Ocean  
Heading toward cliffs of land – and a purple shelf of storm cloud that cuts across the sky. The sea beneath it turquoise from the light

Lara is in the back of the Huey – sat by the side-door which is slung wide open  
A landscape of choppy swell, bergs and floes rushes behind her as the Huey banks up through thickening cloud, over the cliff  
Crossing past the plateau of head statues

Lara leans sharply out the chopper door as they pass - staring at them, intrigued  
Snow flurries heavily around the rocks as they stare resolutely out to sea

In the cock-pit, the Co-Pilot is desperately trying to reach base on the radio  
They are flying through a canyon under thick cloud now - snow smacking in great piles against the chopper  
Wrapping the wind-shield into a white obliteration  
The chopper juddering in the turbulence

CO-PILOT

This is Amlux to Base...come in Base...come in Base...

PSSSSSHT – no response  
He shakes his head to the Pilot

CO-PILOT

Dead air, man...

The Huey is being spat about in the howling wind of the canyon – large ridge-faces bearing down on it from eitherside  
Snow blizzarding in wild eddies around it

Lara grips a hold of the side-door as it slews – the cliffs lurching rapidly toward her like in a fairground ride...then receding...

The pilots are struggling to keep control

PILOT

We gotta get down – this is too much...

CO-PILOT

With ya on that...

The landing skis are tentatively lowering toward the ground - the Huey pitching and spinning in the wind  
Its own rotar-action sweeping out the top-layers of snow into a small squall around it

The Pilots are easing it down as controlled as possible

One ski touches onto the ice

When a savage blast of wind and snow hurls against the chopper - forcing it abruptly down - sending it skating and circling across the uneven ice

Lara reels in the back

The pilots grip the sides of the cock-pit as the chopper spins out of their control

Water seething through the thinning ice beneath the sliding skis

The Huey swings out of its spin – full pelt toward a bank of snow

The pilots yelling as it rushes head on toward them

The Huey smacks nose first into it

Pitching Lara violently forward

A giant puff of snow blowing out over the windshield

The Pilots yanked back sharply by their belts

Lara landing messily under some cargo

The nose of the Huey rests snubbed into the snow drift

The pilots start to laugh in a release of tension

The rotars spin quietly

The helicopter resting unscathed on the ice

Lara kicks a box off from her – sits up

The pilots nervously recomposing themselves;

PILOT

That was hairy...

CO-PILOT

You kidding? – i just saw my own birth...

Suddenly an ugly GROAN of ice sounds out beneath them

The pilots bolt up in alarm

Lara springs to her feet – making a run for the side-door

The pilots hurriedly try to unclip their belts – fumbling at the releases

Then a huge shelf of ice splits and caves beneath the Huey - opening out a dark gulf of ocean

And the chopper plummets abruptly into it

A wave of water, and slabs of ice thrown up into the air...

As Lara leaps wide out from the side-door

The pilots scream stuck in their seats as the windshield implodes  
A rush of ocean flushing into the cabin

Lara dives cleanly into the water away from it

As the Huey groans and plunges nose first into the depths  
A huge suck of water swallowing it up  
Its tail disappearing last...

Underwater, Lara swims furiously away from the whirlpool the sinking Huey is creating

On the surface, it is quiet...  
A few bubbles gurgling, shards of ice bobbing back up

## **LEVEL 1 - ANTARCTICA**

### **ICE-FLOES - BASE - SCOTT'S HUT**

Lara has to find an exit in the ice from the freezing waters  
And then make her way across the huge ice-floes to the mainland of Antarctica

Here, she will find RX TECH's research base; rundown, deserted and without power...  
Snow-drifts fill through the doors, wind howls down corridors, equipment is freezing up,  
huskies scavenge...  
Strangely mutated scientists attack Lara...

Once out from the base, she crosses the snowy wastes toward Scott's Hut

Just before here is a deep shaft leading down into the ice-mines... a cable drops down to  
an iron-barred lift suspended at mid-point...  
But there is no lift-call and so Lara cannot access it...

Also near to Scott's Hut is the heli-pad where she was obviously supposed to have  
landed...

She enters Scott's Hut...

INT. SCOTT'S HUT - ANTARCTICA DAY

The hut is crammed neatly with stores; tins of food, gas-refill canisters, assorted equipment

Willard is in here, sat behind a table looking very relaxed, eating some dinner  
Between mouthfuls as Lara slams the door shut;

WILLARD

Aye, come in – make yourself at home...i won't be a minute...

Lara is already well in – striding over to Willard;

(ANGRY) (FIRM)

LARA

At home?! ...

She throws the bag of collected pods onto the table in front of him, laying a loaded gun protectively over it

LARA

I've just met a man with a ~~slug~~ for legs...

??

She's cueing for some information but Willard isn't the slightest bit perturbed

WILLARD

Fascinating ain't it?

Lara's indignant at this lack of concern;

LARA

He was your own employee...

WILLARD

He was a molecular biologist – he'd have been intrigued with himself...

He motions to the artefacts that Lara protectively guards;

WILLARD

Thanks to this material, his hox genes - the control genes that structure us - were multiplied... Do that and the complexities of our bodies increase beyond our comprehension... But this is just the fringe of its possibilities we're seeing here – my pal's exposure came from the material impregnated into the meteorite crater - the real capacities lie in its core...

An impatience edges into his voice;

WILLARD

(Cont...)

Which these artefacts you're so attached to will let me access...

Lara tries to point out the insanity of it all;

LARA

But you've no control over this...

Provoking Willard;

WILLARD

This *AIN'T ABOUT* just avidly spawning mutants – it's an entirely natural acceleration of evolution - a real live laboratory of spurred on life...

LARA

*well,* Not everyone here wants to be guinea-pigs... multi-appendaged or not...

Willard shrugs, finishing his meal and staring up at her;

WILLARD

That's unfortunate...it's been hit and miss here for too long – now the timing's spot on...i can't leave it;... the Polynesians fled in their ignorance, Darwin's half-wit sailors the same – ironically making Darwin himself miss this angle on evolution...but now i'm here...i have the access, the knowledge...*the artefacts*...

LARA

Yes - but you bumped into me in India and sent me to find the artefacts for you, – bringing me here, listening to this gibberish... Your perception of good timing is... *-laugh-*

*(slower-brakes it down)*

She pulls her guns swiftly up into his face;

LARA

...bad... *(HARD)*

Willard grabs the table and hurls it up at Lara

WILLARD

I don't know about that...

Food flies everywhere – the bag of artefacts launched into the air  
Lara, thrown back, discharges bullets redundantly into the hut's ceiling

Willard deftly catches the bag of artefacts as he makes a run for the door  
Lara fires after him  
But Willard turns and fires a clips-worth back into the room

Lara shelters behind the table as tins of food crash all about her and Calor-gas refills explode the shelves above apart...

Willard disappears out into the snow

Lara snarls, and chases after – kicking out the door and sprinting down the side of the hut

Running toward the lift-shaft, Willard pulls a small remote out from his pocket and clicks it on. The lift ahead starts rising up the shaft...

Lara rounds a snow bank, closing in on him - just as the lift pulls up and opens  
Willard dives in amidst her fire and the lift starts to descend

Lara makes a leap for the shaft - dropping down, smack onto the lift roof

And she's riding down into the mines - toward the ancient city under the ice...



## **LEVEL 2 - ANTARCTICA**

### **TUNNELS / MINES**

As the elevator comes to a stop, the roof blocks Lara's direct pursuit of Willard. Instead, she has to follow a series of ice-tunnels leading through the elevator shaft's walls which eventually take her to the company's excavation mines

Later, she will come over the rise of an icy-precipice deep within the mines...  
And here, stretched out before her is the ruined city

Giant arc-lamps lighting the area  
Explosion debris and mining equipment are strewn all about

### **LEVEL 3 - ANTARCTICA**

#### **ANCIENT CITY**

The city is still an oasis of life – but in disturbing forms. The creatures, people and even plants in these tunnels have been affected by the meteorite's powerful radiation and are savage predators.

At some point on the level, Lara will come across Willard ensnared in a trap. However, in order to get through the puzzle herself, Lara will need to release him... And Willard is once again ahead of her...

She will reach the white-water river that crosses to the meteorite cavern – but with the ice-bridge now gone, she is unable to cross it...instead, she has to find another way into the cavern...

**EXT. METEORITE CAVERN - ANTARCTICA                      DAY**

Lara is racing along a passageway toward an icy balcony overlooking the cavern

Willard however is already in the central temple and is slotting the four artefacts into their positions...

When he has accomplished his task, the meteorite core is drawn out from its lock within the ground - smashing through the layer of ice that covers it and rising suspended into the air above him.

It emits a strange light and radiation that entrances him...

As Lara reaches the icy balcony, a huge surge of radiation powers across the 4 artefacts, connecting in the meteorite core and elevating Willard up into the air – evolving him instantly into a mutant

The power emitted is shuddering the whole cavern – and the precipice that Lara is on cracks and breaks – dropping her into the midst of it all...

## **LEVEL 4 - ANTARCTICA**

### **METEORITE CAVERN – PLATEAU AND ESCAPE**

Lara has to weaken Willard in order to retrieve the 4 artefacts and lock the meteorite core away. Once she has done so, she will be able to finish Willard off.

During the fight, the iced roof of the ancient cavern starts to crack and cave in. Great slabs of ice plunging down around Lara . Up above, through the opening in the roof, we can see the plateau where the heads of the Easter Island style statues are.

After Lara has retrieved the artefacts and killed Willard she will have to exit the cavern through this opening...

Up on the plateau however, is a buzz of activity – RX Tech's security unit has arrived in helicopters. Seeing her with their precious artefacts, they open fire on her.

Lara has to make it across the exposed glacier to an empty helicopter...

### **OUTRO:**

#### **EXT. CHOPPER - ANTARCTICA DAY**

With the artefacts intact, and still under fire, Lara makes her escape off the continent in the helicopter...

**...THE END...**